

Poetry.

Here is a rousing poetical appeal, conceived in the right spirit, uttered in the right form, made at the right time, and addressed to the right people. Down with this pro-slavery Union!

From the Liberty Bell. The Worth of the Union.

BY GEORGE S. HURLEIGH.

Brave heart of granite firmness,
That to our Northland gives
The bounding tide of valor's blood,—
The pulse whereon she lives;—
Why beats that pulse so feebly,
That was wont to leap so high?
Why bend so low, thou stubborn neck,
To the Southron's chivalry?

Sons of the brave New England!
Ye are plundered, ye are whipt;
Ye are shot, and hanged, and fettered;
Yet how dumb and lily-lipped
Are your brothers, are your fathers,
Are the rulers of your land,—
Nay, linking with the murderer's,
Their own heart and their hand!

O Brothers of the Northland!
What means that hueless lip?
Have ye no blood to crimson aught
But the Southron's knife and whip?—
No drop in all your fluttering hearts
That pallid cheek to tinge?—
Or why so very lily-like
Do ye nod, and duck, and cringe?

Ha! children of the Meekness,
Is it Peace ye love so well,
Whose boat is in your warrior aires,
And the rights for which they fell,
That ye have borne thus tamely
The insolence of those
Whose bounty lives in thievery
Whose chivalry is blous?

See, now, those rights are trampled
By Slavery's iron hoof,
And the honor of your Mothers
This day is put to proof;
Ye are but base-born cowards,
Begot by drivelling slaves,
If yet so meanly ye endure
The whip that o'er ye waves.

Have ye not borne enough, and more,
The menace and the blow?
Or will ye crouch again, and lick
The foot that spurned ye so?
How many a Northman's blood must feed
The Southron's famished end,
And reeking from the blighted plains,
Appeal from Man to God;—
How many a Hall of Freedom,
In horrid sacrifice,
Mid the howl of Slavery's hell dogs,
Go blazing to the skies;—
How many a trembling matron
Watch o'er her hunted son,
In whom the taint of Liberty
Has brought the loud pack on,—
Ere ye find your blanching Manhood,
And rise upon their track;
And with strong heart and hand
At their peril bid them back?

Calmly ye saw your symbol Bird
On another's dove-cote stoop,
And bear away his fluttering prey,
At one destroying swoop;
Ye saw him tear the Baby
From the shrieking Mother's breast,
Fleshing his beak in its soft cheek;
And still your hands could rest.

Now his impartial hunger
Demands another prey,
And from your own warm hearth fires,
He plucks your sons away.
Their blood, of Man unheeded,
O'er Heaven's high wall doth climb,
To plead against the robber-land,
Where mercy is a crime.

From far Florida hear ye not
The gride of the prison door?
And the heavy clank of dungeon chains
From blood stained Baltimore?
These are the bolts and manacles
New England's children earn,
When their generous souls, with pity,
For their bleeding brothers yearn.

Low pining in his noisome vault,
With burning heart and brain,
Shall the pale and dying captive
Appeal to you in vain?
Then must the damp-mouthed dungeon,
More pitiful than ye,
With its putrid breath of poison,
Bid the prisoned soul be free.

Now by our Human Nature,
Wrung to its last extreme
Of tyrant wrong, and servile fear,
Of suffering love, and vengeance dear,—
And by the nightmare dreams
Of gorged Oppression's bloated fiend,
With human blood replete,
Startled by terrors from above,
And mines beneath his feet,—
And by your plundered households,
And your brothers' murder shrieks,—
By your redly blazing temples,
Whose every fire tongue speaks;
By Alton's deafening death-cry,
And Cincinnati's shame,—
By Pennsylvania's glowing Hall—
Her Freedom's funeral flame,—
By all the Southern dungeons
That hold your crimeless sons,—
And the despairing bondman's prayers
And burning maledictions,—
Be roused from shameless slumbering!
The hand is at your throat,

That from the Black man's forehead
The crown of Manhood smote.

Now speak!—or, dumb forever,
Trail on your clanking chain,
And give your white cheek to the brand,
And creep around your plundered land
On plant knee and coward hand,
In Slavery's spaniel train!
Put on your ancient valor,
And rise, if yet ye can,
Till the haughty Tyrant trembles
Before the upright Man;
And from Canadian forests,
O'er all our rugged hills,
On to Virginia's mountains,
One voice like thunder thrills,—
Down with the bloody Union!
Mighty alone to spoil!
Wrench off its anacanda folds,
Or perish in their coil!
Pluck down that fustian banner,
Whose stars gleam redly there,
Like demon eyes, wide-blighting all
Beneath their savage glare;
And read its streaks of crimson,
Types of the hungry lash,
That ploughs its livid furrows deep
On woman's naked flesh!
"No Union with SLAVEHOLDERS!"
Down with the blood-streaked flag!
Trample the gore-writ Compact
With Slavery's wrinkled hag!
We snap the bond which held us;
And, to remotest time,
Stand severed from the robber land,
Where mercy is a crime!

Miscellaneous.

The Christian Colony.

BY LUDIA MARIA CHILD.

The highest gifts my soul has received, during its world-pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I particularly remember a hard-working, uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbors, and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each others' houses, to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. The library was the Gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then no anti-slavery societies; but thus taught, and reverently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency, to discover their duties to the enslaved. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes; and non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to his influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

Rich in God-culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens; they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, "You may do us what evil you choose; we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, "We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do, if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvests?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night, and cows let into the corn fields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home; saying, "Neighbor, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk."

If this was fun, those who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didst thou send it to mother, because they thought chicken broth would be good for Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good; till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance, beyond their neighbors, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologized, when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied, "Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience and see if it be not so." But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale at auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price; which at that time was \$1 25 per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom,

or equity, would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in, at seventeen, twenty-five, and forty dollars an acre. The Christian Colony had small hope of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold, at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed with grateful surprise, that their neighbors were everywhere busy among the crowd, begging and expostulating: "Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time, they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their land. Let them go, at the government price."

The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered \$1 25; intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one bid over them! Without one opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them. I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence, I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do," said I, "if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" "We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?" "Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We should never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty, but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, money is not wealth.

Daniel O'Connell.

The following is an extract from the late travels of Viscount D'Aringcourt, now publishing, in continuation of Waldie's Library:

O'Connell broke up the assembly, and then still surrounded by adulation, incense, and homage, took the road to Tara Hall, an immense mansion belonging to Mr. Lynch, and situated at the foot of the Mountain of Kings. There, under a vast tent, a banquet of from one thousand to one thousand two hundred covers was prepared, at which the Liberator was to preside. The managers of the entertainment had included me among the guests; a room had been kept for me in the house, and I was told that my place at table would be by the side of the illustrious chief. I went to Tara Hall accompanied by Henry Gratton. I was most eager to enter into conversation with O'Connell, and I was conducted to a small sitting-room, whither he had retired to enjoy some repose after the exertions of the morning. The great Hall of the mansion was full of company: he was to join them at a later hour.

Only one or two of the Liberator's most intimate friends, and the host's daughter, the pretty Miss Catherine Lynch, were with him. He welcomed me with gracious courtesy, and made me sit on the sofa beside him. I had thus an opportunity of regarding him at my leisure.

O'Connell is tall, and strongly built; one would suppose him to be a wrestler of the olden time. His eye is animated and intelligent, his voice is keen and sonorous. He expresses himself elegantly and quietly, and with convincing sincerity and earnestness. His gestures are often dignified, and though there is a certain vulgarity in his physiognomy, yet his deportment is majestic. He possesses, moreover, all the good qualities and all the defects necessary for a popular orator, being by turns rough and smooth, energetic and yielding, courteous and abrupt.

Our conversation was extremely animated; he spoke of the Queen with profound respect, and of her Government with bitter scorn.

"Wellington," said he to me, "was born six miles from Tara, and this Irishman thinks only how he can most injure Ireland: he will not succeed, I hope. Besides he has solved a problem for me; he has proved that without actions of real merit, without superior talents, one may become a great man entirely by accident and chance. It was at the very moment when he was about to fly from Waterloo that he found himself suddenly victorious: and he was the last who expected it."

I was anxious to speak to O'Connell of the dangers of rebellion, and of the risks they themselves ran who opened to others the career of revolt.

"I, like you, hate sedition," he answered; "but oppression is also odious to me. I do not labor to overthrow, but to be free. I shall triumph by the force of principle, by the irresistible progress of human thought; by the breath of civilization, which confers a new existence on mankind, and by the support of a God of Justice. I shall have no need of war."

"You may be attacked—persecuted."

"Persecutions! let them come. They will increase my power."

"But if the sword quit the sheath? If the axe menace your head?"

"Oh, then, I have but to say one word, and on the following day I shall have under my banner an army of five hundred thousand men, nay, a million if necessary."

"How would you arm your troops?"

"Nothing easier! They would take the enemy's arms."

*It has been affirmed that O'Connell's head, next to that of Napoleon, is the broadest and largest that has ever been known.

muskets and cannons from him. The enemy himself would pass over to their colors with arms and baggage. I should still conquer without fighting."

O'Connell spoke with persuasive eloquence. This old man, who is said to be near his seventy-fifth year, retains in his features and thoughts all the energy of a more vigorous age.

"You are a poet?" he resumed. "Here are some lines I composed yesterday, before the meeting of Tara."

He read me the following stanza:

"Oh, Erin! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,
To raise my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
That gleam of bliss is all I crave
Between my labors and the grave."

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.
for the County of Cork.

From the New York Tribune.

Letter from Cassius M. Clay.

HORACE GREGELY, Esq.—The deep and heartfelt remonstrances of friends, elicited by my apparent willingness to resort to the *Duel*, displayed in the first number of the True American, notwithstanding the very peculiar and trying circumstances in which I have been placed, have led me to give this much debated subject my most serious and deliberate reflection. Whilst I shall ever contend for the right of self defence where the civil power cannot or will not come to my rescue: so where the laws are sufficient for protection and the public sentiment enforces them, there I am willing to confess that the *Duel* cannot be justified. Having fully tested the legal and moral power of my native State, to which I owe inviolate allegiance, I feel that I owe it to her—to our National Religion—and to the Spirit of the Age, that I should subject myself to its sole protection. I therefore formally pledge myself never again to offer or accept a challenge, or in any manner to give duelling my countenance or support. Believing that this annunciation would not only be agreeable to you, but to many friends who have been so kind as to manifest an interest in my humble fortunes, associated in some slight degree with the cause of Republicanism and rational Liberty, I venture to ask for this note an insertion in your wide spread columns. Your friend and ob't servant,
C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, Ky, July 1st, 1845.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMY."—The following was first published in the London Christian Observer:—

A slave in one of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct. After some time his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate; and on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instruction to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave market and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale, before he fixed his eye upon an old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked, that if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them that man in the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their master; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care, that he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut tree. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, "You could not take so much interest in the old man, but for some special reason: he is a relation of yours; perhaps your father?" "No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader." "He is then an older brother?" "No, massa, he no my brother!" "Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?" "No, massa, he no my kindred at all, nor even my friend!" "Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?" "He my enemy, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."

GOOD FOR EVIL.—ESCAPE OF A SLAVE.—A vessel from Charleston, S. C., arrived at our wharves a few days since. Among other goods and chatties, she brought one *likely* slave. Soon after her arrival, the slave was sent on shore on an errand. Henry soon perceived that his shackles had fallen off upon our free soil; or it may be that some friend of our "peculiar institutions" gave him a hint that his master, having brought him voluntarily into the area of freedom, it was at his own option whether to remain or return to the sunny South. Strange as it may seem, the black man preferred the rugged North, and at our last advices was well on his way toward Canada.—Now this is what we call returning good for evil.—When colored men from the North go South, they are seized and shut up in prison; but when colored men from the South come to the North, they are bid welcome to the whole area of freedom.—*Boston Trav.*

A fugitive from the blessings and floggings of the "patriarchal institution," as they are dispensed in the city of Charleston, S. C., passed through town last week. His master, he stated to us, was a Methodist clergyman, who preached on Sunday and raced horses on week days. He had always been kindly treated himself, but last winter his master sold his wife and the mother of his two children to go to New Orleans, and when in the pangs of agony at being thus torn away and separated forever, the poor slave attempted to rescue her from the hands of the purchaser, a blood hound was set upon him and tore his flesh—for which he could not forgive his master. He leaves his two children and a mother still in bondage to the reverend horse-jockey, and only desires for himself to labor for a living in the free air and among the free men of the North.—*Springfield Gaz.*